

HEALTH

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IN RED BANDANNA DAYS.

The Sonorous Blast of Deacon Pongram Did Duty as a Foghorn for Fishermen.

"In the days when men carried red bandanna silk handkerchiefs in their coatpocket pockets," said Mr. Bugleton, according to the New York Sun, "men blew their noses with a far finer flourish and effect than they do now; far more grandly and sonorously. There was something about the great soft square of silk that tempted the staidest of men to display it, and by the loudness of the snort he made one could take the measure of his dignity."

"There were men in those days who, when they blew their noses, positively caused the buildings they were in to shake. I recall one old gentleman in particular, good old Deacon Pongram, who, when he stood up in church, in the seashore town in which he lived, and in which I was born, and with solemn staidness drew forth his voluminous red bandanna, blew a blast that reverberated through every niche and corner of the sacred edifice and made the windows tremble. And once—I well remember it—the good deacon's nasal sonorosity was put to good account."

"A man came silently into the church one March Sunday morning after the service had begun. He marched straight to Deacon Pongram's pew and bent over and whispered something to him. It must have been something serious that could bring the man into church after service had begun; and when we saw Deacon Pongram, after listening for a moment to him, stand up in his place at the altar and of his pew and reach around into his coatpocket, draw forth his great red bandanna, and then proceed to blow his nose most vigorously and resoundingly, and then saw him step from his pew and stalk solemnly down the aisle in the wake of the man who had come for him so mysteriously, why, we knew that there was something important on hand."

"And ten minutes later we heard a sound surprisingly like that of Deacon Pongram's nose—a mighty blast, coming from the direction of the shore, half a mile distant, and a minute later we heard the sound coming regularly at minute intervals members of a congregation even so decorous as ours looked around at one another and smiled, for we could all guess what had happened."

"One was a fishing village, and we had men out always braving the deep and coming on the coast, making for our harbor at all times and in all sorts of weather. We had a dozen fishermen out that Sunday morning, and our men knew every inch of our harbor as well as they knew their own dooryards ashore—when they could see it. But as all signs fell in dry weather, so all landmarks fell in a fog; and this was a densely foggy morning, and our men were coming home in this fog."

"Now ours was a bold and rocky and dangerous coast and we maintained on the shore in our town for just such emergencies a foghorn, whose sound on such occasions had been familiar to very inhabitant from time immemorial, blowing to guide our fishermen home. On this morning the foghorn had broken down. Just what had happened on this occasion I don't remember, for I was very young at the time, but I think they said the diaphragm had broken, or something. But, anyhow, the foghorn had broken down, and the minute it gave way and would no longer sound its deep, hoarse blasts, the foghorn keeper, a man of readiness and resource, knowing that the lives of the fishermen might depend upon it, made for the church to get Deacon Pongram. It was he that had come silently that Sunday morning down the aisle at church to the deacon's pew—he that Deacon Pongram, after one resounding flourish, had followed from the church to the foghorn station on the shore; to take the place of the disabled foghorn."

"And the fisherman coming on the coast that morning, guided by its hoarse, warning voice, wondered at the strange sounds that the foghorn gave forth."

"The old horn must have a cold this morning," said one; and

"It's got a chunk of fog in its throat," I reckon; and another.

"But when they had come ashore they discovered that it was not the foghorn that they had heard at all, but Deacon Pongram, standing on the headland by the disabled foghorn's side, and blowing his nose for them. And thereafter, and as long as he lived, Deacon Pongram, rich before in the esteem of his fellow-citizens, had a new title to the respect of the entire community as the man who had saved the fishermen."

"But now men no longer blow their noses as they did in the days of Deacon Pongram, with fine flourish and effect, with the resounding sonority of a trumpet; for that old-time, time-honored and once familiar mannerism has passed away, along with the red silk bandanna."

Putting the Zebra to Work.

South African native traditions have it that in the long-forgotten days the zebra was a domesticated animal, and was held in complete subjection by its master, man. In modern times several attempts have been made to train this hardy beast. Experiments at the London zoological gardens indicate that zebras can be readily made serviceable. There are innumerable herds of zebras running wild in South Africa, and if they could be broken to domestic use, their subjection would solve a problem which for generations has been a puzzle to the best experts. For the zebras of South Africa are immune from the tsetse fly, and the horse sickness, which has lately been ravaging Rhodesia and other portions of the continent.

Hard to Tell.

"You can't allus tell," said Uncle Eben, "whether a sinner is repentant foh what he's done or foh his carelessness in gittin' caught."—Washington Star.

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Guardian's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Orla L. Davis, was, on the 28th day of April, A. D. 1904, appointed by the Probate Court of Holt County, Missouri, Guardian of the person, and Curator of the estate of "Ellsworth Baker," a person of unsound mind and incapable of managing his affairs. All persons having claims against the estate of said "Ellsworth Baker," are required to exhibit them for allowance before the said Probate Court of Holt County, Missouri, within two years, or they will be forever barred. Dated this April 29th, A. D. 1904.

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NEW SPORT OF PARISIANS.

Prominent People of the French Capital Have Taken to Sailing About with Aeroplanes.

The gilded youth of Paris have lately gone in for a new fad, called "aerial tobogganing," which is nothing more or less than sailing through the air by the means of aeroplanes. These winglike constructions, says the Philadelphia Record, enter largely into the make-up of some flying machines. Many investigators who have been engaged in the conquest of the air contend that the aeroplane offers the only solution of manflight, and that the use of the balloon as a means of buoyancy is all wrong, as it presents too much surface to be acted upon by the wind, making the machine uncontrollable. With the aeroplane it is contended that man will eventually be able to fly as the eagle and the buzzard, which can be seen sailing in the air with outstretched wings for minutes at a time without the movement of a muscle.

Aerial tobogganing is a new, hardy sport, not without danger, which will doubtless soon be better known to the world, as the men who have taken it up are of unusual wealth and prominence. These are: Ernest Archdeacon, Jacques Balsan and Comte de la Vaulx, who "risk their skins," as the French say, willingly for the excitement, seconded by experts of the type of Mallet, the balloon constructor and fearless aeronaut; Girardot, the automobile constructor and breakneck racer; the eclectic Henri de Rothschild, doctor, bone-setter and multimillionaire, and George Dargent, the model maker and general aeronautic specialist of the French army's balloon park at Chalais-Houdon, these young Parisians are in a state to do some very lively sporting.

In a recent chat Mr. Archdeacon said: "The aeroplane has come to stay."

"Chanute and Herrin, improving on the unhappy Lillenthal, obtained results which encouraged Wilbur Wright and his brother to undertake what have turned out such brilliant experiments. Nothing could be imagined simpler than the Wright aeroplane."

"The American brothers Wright have demonstrated that, roughly, for sporting purposes, the tobogganing will be as 100 to 8 in proportion to the height from which one starts with a box-kite aeroplane. That is to say, you carry your aeroplane to the height of a dune overlooking a wide flat expanse of sand below. The sport gets in his aeroplane and holds tight, lying flat. Four men take each a corner and run with the aeroplane against the wind—to the edge of the dune. Then they throw it out, and it goes 'plane-ing,' as the French say, sustained by the air, sliding down the air, so to speak. The formula 100-8 means that if you start from a height of eight yards, you will toboggan diagonally down to a distance 100 yards from your point of departure, while if you start from a height of 80 yards, your trip will be 1,000 yards."

A LOCKOUT IN DENMARK.

Settlement by Arbitration Has Become an Established Provision in Labor Troubles.

There is no permanent arbitration court in Denmark, and the lockout of 1899, affecting 40,000 workmen, and which caused great suffering, was settled as a result of a proposition drawn up and submitted by three prominent citizens of Copenhagen, who volunteered their services to the employees, and who, because of their high standing in the community, and the universal confidence imposed in them, were accepted by both elements to the controversy as arbitrators. The king conferred upon them a decoration in recognition of their services for the public good.

Provision is made for an arbitration court at Copenhagen under the act of April 3, 1902, where employers and employees elect by agreement to establish such a court for the adjustment of their differences. The king may by decree determine that witnesses may be summoned and be required to testify, just as they are in any regular court. Witnesses are required to appear at the time and the place determined upon by the president of the arbitration court. All inhabitants of Copenhagen and districts about Copenhagen are subject to call as witnesses. Decisions handed down by the president of the court may be appealed in accordance with the rules governing appeals from an ordinary lower court. There is in Copenhagen an employers' association, the purpose of which is to guard the interests of employers as labor unions do those of the employees. This association publishes a weekly paper.

RAYMOND R. FRAZIER.

New System of Measuring Criminals.

The police of London have introduced experimentally a new system for recognizing criminals. As it has been successful, it will soon be adopted by a number of other police departments both in England and abroad. In this system only the impressions of the fingers are taken. Compared with the "Bertillon" system, it has, above all, the advantage of simplicity, as it can be applied without any contrivances, and is, therefore, much less expensive. Whether it can completely take the place of the Bertillon system remains to be seen. The Berlin police have for the present also inaugurated a card collection of impressions of the fingers for recognition purposes. The new system is called "Daktyloscopy."

RICHARD GUENTHER

Civil Service Applicants.

Seventy-seven per cent. of the women and but 63 per cent. of the men taking the civil service examination are able to pass it.

DUKE OF DORSET AT FIVE.

Story of the Little George John Frederick Sackville, Who Was Killed at Twenty-One.

There is an old story that once, when Queen Elizabeth was asked to confer a peerage upon one of her subjects, she replied: "I have knighted him for valor, that is the highest honor I have in my power to bestow." If the great queen abode royally by her decision in the instances of such heroes as Drake, Frobisher and Hawkins, whom she merely knighted, says Margaret Jackson in "The Little Duke of Dorset" in St. Nicholas, she changed her mind in the case of her own brilliant kinsman, Thomas Sackville. For on the same day (June 8, 1567) on which the duke of Norfolk knighted him in her presence, she caused him to be raised to the peerage as Baron Buckhurst, of Buckhurst, in Sussex. A year before this time she had given him the manor of Knoke, in Kent, with its old house, which had been built in part some 300 years before. He did not, however, obtain full possession of his property until many years later (1603), and in the same year he ceased to be simply Baron Buckhurst, for James I. then created him earl of Dorset. He at once set to work to rebuild part of the house, and, by employing 200 workmen for two years, completed the task. It is this house which stands to-day in its beautiful park, one of the most famous of the manor-houses of England. It covers four acres of ground, and with its many wonders—its 52 staircases (one for each week of the year), its 365 rooms (one for each day), its 540 windows, its recently discovered priest's cell—many of the readers of St. Nicholas are familiar. For Vita Sackville-West has aroused a new interest in her home by her letter, printed in the League of November, 1902.

Her father, Lord Sackville, who was British minister to the United States, 1881-1888, is the present owner of Knoke park.

There is no duke of Dorset now, for the last time that the title descended from father to son was more than a hundred years ago, in 1799, when George John Frederick Sackville found himself (by the death of his father), at the age of five, fourth duke of Dorset, being also earl of Dorset, earl of Middlesex, Baron Buckhurst of Buckhurst and Baron Cranfield of Cranfield. Rather a heavy load for one small boy to carry! For he was a boy like other boys, even if he came to a dukedom and ranked next to a prince before ever he had come to a knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic.

He grew up in the beautiful county of Kent, known as the "Garden of England," and we can imagine him playing with his little sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, among the stately beeches of Knoke park—perhaps, too, playing at hide-and-seek in those 365 rooms, which all belonged to him. Later he went to school at Harrow, and to college at Oxford. He must have been clever, for his university gave him the degree of doctor of civil law before he was 20 years old, and very few people (and most of those gray-haired) can write "D. C. L. Oxon." after their names nowadays. He must also have been popular, for he was lieutenant colonel commandant of the militia of Sevenoaks (the nearest town to Knoke) at the same age.

There has been very little recorded of his short early life, and there was, alas, no later life to chronicle. At the age of 21 he was killed by a fall from his horse in the hunting field, when on a visit to his mother in Ireland. The title went to his cousin, who was the fifth and last duke of Dorset. Thus George John Frederick never lived to gain the fame of his great ancestor, the poet and statesman, the first earl of Dorset.

TERRIBLE THIBET TORTURE.

An Illustrative Instance of the Horrible Treatment of Foreigners in That Country.

His last journey was to the north into the strange countries that inclose the Himalayas, and when they found him again, he was like that—again Colin pointed to the portrait of the stricken man's son, says an account in the Metropolitan Magazine. He was like that—only worse—far worse! He had set out young, vigorous, alert; he came back bowed as if with age, his hair white, his face sunken and furrowed, his mind disordered, and peculiarly horrible must have been the expression of his eyes. For the lids had been slit across the middle, and were now but half healed. He is said to have tottered into the station without knowing it for what it was; as though he had been led to a point in the road and left to take his chance. Thus he returned again, and no one knew where he had been or what great trials had so changed him; for he had no answer to the questions they put, and he was alone; he knew nothing, his memory and with it his whole past seemed lost to him, nor did he even recognize the friends into whose care he had come. They sent him home after awhile, to this house; and here he was won back to some semblance of life by the devoted woman, whom, later on, he married—the mother of his son. He lived here quietly for a number of years, he and his wife and the boy, and then one night he blew his brains out.

Human Head Grown in Wood.

Posing as an altar in the Grant's Pass, (Ore.) lodgeroom is an odd-looking fir stump, its top shaped like a human head. Even the features grew there naturally, and except for a little carving to improve one eye, no alteration was necessary after a woodman discovered the curio in the midst of the forest. A right ear is the only lacking feature. There is even a beard—represented by a white fungus growth.—N. Y. Times.